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but He has kept me saved ever since," said another dear lad. Good proof of God's keeping power this.

Five early rising spiritual birds caught big worms of blessing on Sunday morning, and, of course, God sharpened our spiritual appetites too for the day's fray. The littleness meeting was good, and we gladly welcomed a "Centre Street hero" who came to the City—

Of course they hedged, and winced, and groaned, but failed to come down, and

consequently, it may have not got saved, they are *up a tree-to-day*, thickly concealed amid the branches and leaves of pride, malice, envy, self, love of the world, lust and other thick devil's foliage. Nobody got saved in this meeting.

I shall not now forget the influence of that Sunday night meeting. The power of God rested upon the people, and as we read of the great redeemed and glorified multitude around the Throne, many sit-at-ease-in-Zion people were plainly shown that if they would form a part of that throng, they must get there *only* through

tribulation, fighting and suffering. No earthly easy going worldly professors over reach the Salvation Soldiers' long Home of Rest.

Several dear boys could not stir. Conviction rested upon them, but the devil succeeded in his procrastinating way to get them to ease off and put off a little longer, and so a terrible guilt was laid

longer, and after a serene night we had to close with no souls. But I verily believe I shall meet some of those dear young men in heaven some day, and they will, I feel sure, date their conversion from that Sunday night. May God grant it. My visit was a great blessing to my own soul, and I trust God made me a blessing to others.

I saw crowds of worldly-conformed Christ-professors. The barracks is a regu-

lar little glory hole. The soldiers are young and should grow up spiritual giants. Daddy Simme, the hellefojah blacksmith, is a trophy. One or two of the soldiers ought to be candidates; burry up, boys. If ebroses tell, Richmond Hill should be a Odly place, hun, oh! Tell it not in Gath. Holy officers and holy soldiers will make a mark on this place. Some kind Army-

loving Scotch people round here. The  
Was Caves are sold every week; thanks to  
the Captain's determined push and go.  
God will reward Brother and Sister Mo:  
Nairn for their kindness to me.      Brad.

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**Horses and Man Killed!**

"In the midst of life we are in death."

How true! Some who are to-day laid beneath the clouds of the valley were a few days ago in health. An instance, that occurred last Monday, just comes to my mind. While working about his earthly home God snatched the brittle thread of life and called him home. He was dumping some rubbish over an embankment

some seventy-five feet high. After having emptied the cart he sprang into it and the horse backed. His daughter, seeing her father's danger, sprang at the horse's head but too late to save him. The horse was killed and the man so injured that in two hours after he was a corpse. When the news reached me I could not help but think of the awful danger of precious souls

who are every day being buried over the precipice of damnation and how quietly people around them look on. Oh, God, how awful! If they were like that lass, who, risking her own life to save her father's, would rush with such earnestness to the rescue of their fallen brethren and sisters, what a different world ours would be. I am more determined than ever to

fight for God, winning precious souls for His kingdom or die in the attempt. Reader, how about you? Do you sit by while those around you are rushing down to hell?







